

LOVES OF LOUISE AND LORNE.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGES—STORY OF THE FIRST LOVE AND REJECTION OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—HOW HE WAS FILLED BY THE DAUGHTER OF A COMMONER—HE FLOWS HIS RIVAL, AND SETS HIM UP AS A TAVERN-KEEPER.

An Edinburgh correspondent of the N. Y. World writes:—

Men and women whom fortune has placed in such a situation that in worldly matters they are far above the ordinary run of mankind, whose joys and sorrows, loves and hates, and their be-all and end-all in the circumstances of every-day life, cannot escape from their human nature, and therefore are often obliged to suffer more than other folks, simply because they cannot do what they want to do, even when their desires are for the most natural and commonplace of things.

Many Queens of Scots could not even live, since Elizabeth hated, without having cause to fear, her. Arabella Stuart could not live quietly with her husband, Mr. Seymour, because she was royally connected. Amy Robsart was in the Earl of Leicester's way to advancement, and therefore she had to die at Cunnor Hall. History is full of the sorrows of royal houses—sorrows which have attracted the sympathy of commoners, because they, too, could feel similar ones, and around which a haze of romance has ever lingered, because they are so far removed from the trials of the poor.

It seems that, in this particular, history is now repeating itself in the approaching marriage of the reluctant Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne. The house from which she is sprung is not particularly noted for fiery passions, or even for any peculiar tendency towards romance, and it may be that the amiable Princess will forget the sorrows of her youth as time goes on and she becomes the mother of a large and charming family; but the apathy of age is no recompense for the heart-sufferings of early life, which men, indeed, forget, but which often embitter a woman's whole existence, although as a wife she may endeavor to forget them, and as a mother a new life may open to her, and new interests distract her thoughts from memories of the dead, irrevocable past.

As to the Princess herself, she is an amiable woman who, being twenty-two years of age, has already passed the period when a great passion can be formed, especially when, as seems to be the case, a true and tender attachment has to be forgotten, and one has to do with an old love. Hints of the existence of such an attachment have lately been thrown on by the English newspapers, covert, it is true, but easily understood when the following extract from a review written by an English lady to a friend in this city is read:—

And the poor Princess. Ah! how my heart bleeds for her—and for every other girl who has the gift of greatness. Sometimes when I think of the Princess, I think of Arabella Stuart, in Mr. James' novel—they cannot be distinguished. Do you remember when we were at Biarritz, and that poor Baron P., who used to wander about with such a sad face and such wild, wild eyes, and his hands ever in his bosom (and I found out afterwards it grasped the handle of a pistol—just like Werther that Auntie used to cry about), as if to repress the wild impulses of his soul, and he never bathed, but used to go down to the beach and look, ah! so sadly, at the moaning of the waves and cool his brow with the dashing spray of the Villa Eugenie. After you had gone to bed, I became acquainted with the Baron, and in a most romantic way, I was sitting in the parlor of our hotel thinking of these matters, and I remember that I was listening to the keys of the piano. At last I began to play "The Last Hope." It was about dark, and I suppose the Baron was in the room, but I never heard him. But suddenly I heard a rustle, and looking up, the Baron stood beside me, and the tears were flowing from his eyes. I had pitied him so long and he had pitied me. I began to weep too. He did not speak for a little while, and when he did, his voice was so choked with tears that I could not hear him. "Ach, Gott! ach, Gott! Ich bin ein armes Kind," he said, and he looked at me with such a look of despair that I knew, but I could not help it, and so I spoke to him, and we talked for a long time, not noticing the people who came in and out, and I began to come down stairs and I introduced the Baron. He didn't stay long after that, and when he had gone I went to the window and I saw the young man, "Jeune Homme Pauvre" till late in the night, and I went to bed and sobbed myself to sleep, for I knew that there was some terrible tragedy in the Baron's life.

Well, after that I used to meet the Baron almost every day, and, if I hadn't been so full of pity for his hidden sorrow, I think I should have grown to love him. But I never understood the reason for every body liked him except the men, many of whom, for all their politeness, are at heart coarse and unsympathetic. He was not a young man, even called "young," and added, in his funny way, that I can't help laughing at though it vexes me, that I was slipping warm and one day he told me the story of his life. He is of an ancient family, but one which is not now so wealthy as once it was, although it is by no means poor. His family is one of the oldest and noblest in Saxony, and his father's members have occupied the highest offices. So you see it wouldn't have been at all beneath the dignity of the Baron to marry a young girl like me, and the Queen would never have interfered with the affair at all but for her abominable perverseness, as I think it, and I understand people had not understood the reason why she would have been married four years ago, and she would have been happy, too, for the Baron is one of the tenderest of men, and he should have known that she should have been blighted as they have been. The Baron studied at Tubingen and is an infidel of a certain sort. He is a man of letters, and he didn't understand a word of it, and it shocked me, but one finds so many unbelievers here that one gets over one's prejudices against them. I know it is not right, but I should have known that the mother to blight her daughter's early years by refusing her sanction to a marriage between two loving hearts, and she should have known that the Baron told me I judge that his infidelity was at bottom the reason why the Queen would not consent to his marriage. I think that Auntie says the Queen was right, and I think that she would have been so, had the Baron been anybody else. However, he first met the Princess at a ball given by the Baron's father, the Prince von A., about five years ago, when she was a pretty, meek-faced girl in her teens. He loved her at first sight, and she loved him, and they were soon betrothed. Her eyes, which really are her beauty, shone like stars into his soul, which, he says, "had hitherto been dark and gloomy." They danced together, and conversed, and they were so many things, and afterwards were thrown much together until they learned to love. Nobody had expected that it would be so, and when finally she returned to England, she told her mother of the whole affair, and she at first was not unwilling to have the Baron as a son-in-law, being an affectionate mother who wished to see her child happy.

When the Princess went to Balmoral the Baron followed her, but received rebuff after rebuff, for the Queen had changed her mind, and the Baron was not invited to dine at the castle, and altogether was treated in a way to wound anybody's feelings. He had no interest in the matter, and he was obliged to return to Germany a disappointed man. He says that the Princess was rendered actually insane at a time by the heartless conduct of her mother, and he believes that her heart is yet his own.

Thus far the letter takes us in the history of this affair, and, if the sentimental covering be removed, the fact appears that Baron P. and the Princess Louise were at one time deeply in love with each other, and that the flame of their love, for on what other grounds can the settled melancholy of the Princess, which has frequently been remarked, be accounted for?—a melancholy which has of late grown more and more apparent, rendering necessary the almost constant attendance upon her by Dr. Laycock, who, it is rumored, has advised the indefinite postponement of the marriage, which, if postponed, would probably never be consummated, a state of affairs which, perhaps, would be far from displeasing to the Marquis of Lorne.

The story in regard to the Marquis of Lorne,

and evident proofs of its accuracy are not wanting, is the story of a gift or lovers' quarrel, foolish, and in this instance, one would say, not a whit more justifiable than such affairs generally are. The Marquis inherits much of the stormy temper as well as philosophical ability of his father, the Duke of Argyll, and perhaps his philosophy has got the better of him in this marriage. He was always, headstrong, dashing, and physically courageous, although his moral courage appears not to be great enough to allow of his correcting a mistake which will be very likely to cause a vast deal of trouble to himself, his wife, and a good many other people who are entirely innocent. Of course, nobody but a man's own self has a right to say whether or not he will keep his marriage vows, and a suit for breach of promise, should he suddenly withdraw from his contract to marry the Princess and return to his former love, would not be so natural a consequence as it would be in this country.

Of a town not far from the castle in which the Marquis lives, there is a tavern, in which he and kindred spirits were accustomed to meet at night, some years ago, and discuss politics, philosophy, morals, dogs, whisky, and other entertaining questions of the day. One of the habitués of this hostelry was a laird with a bumpy forehead, a decided tendency towards philosophy, and no dislike whatever to Scotch whisky. He was old enough to remember Dr. Maginn, Kit North, and other worthies of the old time, who used to meet at Ambrose's, in Edinburgh, where they made up the greater part of the "Nones' amorousness," a book by which the old gentlemen were accustomed to swear. He had the notions of the old times in regard to Toryism and respectability in all questions, and the Marquis had many an amicable encounter with him, and at that period of his life, being addicted to low companions and whisky, made philosophically hot, he became quite intimate with the old gentleman, who, of course, was well pleased to be taken home by him one night, stopping at various places to wrench off turnpike gates and throw them into the river, for the laird, even in his old age, retained many of the frivolities of youth, and like an old reprobate as he was, gloried in them.

This laird had a daughter, apparently a combination of Burns' "Mary in Heaven," Helen Mar, Jeanie Deans, and the Highland fling. She was more beautiful than Lochgarr and Ben Lomond when the rising sun glides them with transcendent glory, but she was not so tall. The Marquis was taking the laird home one evening, or rather very early next morning. It had been the evening of the anniversary of the birth of the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns. The morning was calm and beautiful. Far off was heard the strain of a crowd of the corn, answered from a thousand barn yards, and the two enjoyed the scene, and in a fit condition to do so.

"This may be construed a ridiculous condition for a man when first he meets his sweetheart, but that is the Marquis was wild in the extreme. He was partially alienated from his father on account of his liberal views in religion. His father, who was then preparing for the press his "Reign of Law," had wished his son to aid him in his composition; but, inasmuch as the Marquis's views were radically opposed to those of the Duke, an amalgamation of the two was rendered impossible. Lorne had just returned from the university, and was full of the liberalism of the day—a worshipper of Mill, and almost an ultra-materialist. The disagreement in ways of thinking had brought about some family trouble—a by no means unusual occurrence—and the Marquis was utterly careless and a trifle dissolute.

On the morning above referred to, the Marquis found himself unable to return home, or even get back to the tavern, and was forced to stay all night at the laird's house. In the morning he met the laird's daughter—Laird's Bloom of Youth personified. Sad as he necessarily was after his night's debauch, he possessed enough of the resiliency of youth to admire the young lady's beauty. An intimacy between the two sprang up, and for a long time they were in nearly constant companionship. The Marquis relinquished his dissipated habits and became a model of virtue. His father was overjoyed at this rehabilitation, but was at a loss to account for it until at last it became the talk of the neighborhood that the young Marquis was deeply in love with the laird's daughter. Being extremely philosophic, the old gentleman saw nothing wrong in the love of his son for one so far beneath him in station, and also thought that inasmuch as it was a corrective of the follies of youth, it was worthy of all approbation. And so for a time the young man enjoyed love's young dream, for he fondly believed that his passion was reciprocated. The course of true love has a proverbial tendency to be a rough one. Nothing can be more foolish than for a man to believe that a woman who does not understand him can continue to love him. The laird's daughter was a simple-hearted girl, who, preposterous as it may seem, cared more for love than for exalted station, and at any moment was ready to relinquish all hopes of the latter, provided her expectations in regard to the former were not fulfilled. As is too often the case, the man loves the woman for years and the woman returns his passion for a few months. The Marquis was blindly worshiping a goddess of his own creation, and in his case, at least, Thackeray's saying that "men serve women kneeling, when they get on their feet they go away," was not shown to be true, for his love continued, and that of the laird's daughter was turned in another direction. Scarcely a year had passed before the passion which once had burned for him went out, and left the poor fellow in gloom such as Heinrich Heine would have been delighted to sing.

Employed by the girl's father was one Donald Macpherson, a man about as fit to be compared with the Marquis as Beadle Bumble with Mr. Dismal. He was brawny and ill-favored; a shock of red hair bristled on his head; his hands were grimy and hardened by labor; he could not spell his own name, much less write it; he could neither sing nor dance, and yet he became the successful rival of the gorgeous Marquis of Lorne. The Marquis was infuriated at the girl's coldness, and used to hang about her father's house in the most crestfallen way. The laird favored his suit; but neither prayers, nor tears, nor threats could move her from her purpose of marrying the boor, who grinned and smirked at the Marquis in so aggravating a manner that even his high sense of dignity could not keep him from committing an assault upon him, for which he would have suffered by the process of law had not a compromise been made by which Donald Macpherson received a sum of money sufficient to enable him to marry his inamorata and set up as a tavern-keeper, as he did soon afterwards.

But in such a nature as that of the Marquis of Lorne, love once formed does not readily decay. He brooded over his sorrow; and his only consolation for a long time was the study of natural science and getting drunk with his old companions at the tavern. His father looked upon both of these things as

unmitigated evils, and did all in his power to withdraw the son from his perverse tendencies; but all in vain, until at last he proposed a tour on the Continent, thinking that change of scene would work its usual results, and his son forget his passion. For two years the Marquis led the wildest of lives in the wildest capitals of Europe, endeavoring to drown his sorrows in the whirl of dissipation. He went to Heidelberg and Monaco, and in both places was the rage. His story was partially known, and women fell in love with him, while men, although really despising a marquis who had loved a hind's daughter, flattered him both for the sake of his position and the recklessness with which he squandered his money. Finally, having run through a princely fortune, he returned home, where he remained for a short time, for bitter memories were connected with it. His old love was established in the tavern, and the sight of her whom he could not avoid was unbearable to him. His heart was broken, and he returned to the Continent, where he remained until the marriage with the Princess Louise had been determined on for reasons of state. He was recalled, and broken in spirit, agreed to come a party to the transaction and settle down in life with a princess as his wife, since it was impossible for him to marry his old love, the keeper of the tavern.

The above is the sum and substance of what is known and variously hinted at in Scottish newspapers of the period. There are two young people about to be joined together for life, one of whom yet loves and is loved by one whom she can never wed, and the other a man who, *Marc* in pleasure and disappointed in duty, is to be the bidding of his father and for reasons of State. Truly, "It is better to be lowly born Than to be pecked up in a glistening grier And wear a golden sorrow."

THE IRISH ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Scotland having carried off the maiden all for Lorne, it has been supposed that Ireland must be similarly honored by royal patronage. It has been supposed by the average British statesmen for some generations back that the Celtic mind is peculiarly sensitive to royal favors, and that a passion for all misgovernment and wrong dealing is to be found in a royal visit, or in rumors of a proposed purchase of a palace in some of those Irish paradises whose beauty makes Balmoral or Osborne seem howling wildernesses. It has therefore occurred to Mr. Gladstone that the suggestion of an Irish royal marriage will drive the people fairly wild with loyalty and delight. The young gentleman selected for the "national" honor is of respectable rank and tolerably respectable family. As the cable announced, he is the present Marquis of Ely.

"Our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin, the most noble and puissant prince, Sir John Henry Wellington Graham Loftus, Marquis and Earl of Ely, in the County Wick, Viscount Loftus of Ely, and Baron Loftus of Loftus Hall, County Wexford, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Loftus of Long Loftus, in the County of Cork, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, a baronet and half a dozen other things, great and small, is now in his twenty-second year, and succeeded to his family titles as Fourth Marquis some fourteen years ago. He has not yet distinguished himself; very particularly; the last occasion on which the public became acquainted with the fact that the peerage contained such a title was during Prince Arthur's visit to Ireland, when his Royal Highness was entertained at Ely Castle, County Fermanagh, in the year 1857. Artemus Ward has shown that "bad spelling" is a convincing proof of family or literary antiquity, and on this account the genealogy makers spell the family name of the Marquess somewhat peculiarly. According to those distinguished though not very conscientious scholars, the members of the College of Herald, there must have been a distinguished Loftus in the days of Alfred, and some time later there was one Loftus. The only distinguished Loftus of the name were called Adam Loftus, both of whom were Chancellors of Ireland. The last of these was at one time chaplain to Lord Sussex when that peer went to Ireland as Viceroy. Vice-regal patronage soon advanced him to the princial seat of Armagh, whence the same merit translated him to the wealthier and more influential See of Dublin, in 1567. This was the stepping-stone to still higher dignity, and he was made Lord Keeper of the Seal, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. The good, pious, and immortal Queen of England having founded Trinity College, this most reverend lord and father was made its first provost. Archbishop Loftus was a patriarch in green Erin, and was the father of twenty Anglo-Irish descendants, from whom irregularly, and through the female line, the Loftuses of Loftus Hall, and the ancestors of the present Marquess, were descended. They numbered distinguished men. There were amongst them a Knight of St. Patrick, a Bishop of Clogher, a barrister, and a civil servant or two. A cadet of the house was an ambassador to some of the German courts. There were also some Loftuses pretty respectable militia officers. The dates of the creation of the titles of the family are:—Baron, 1785; Viscount, December, 1789; Earl, 1794; Marquess, December 29, 1800; Baron of the United Kingdom, January 19, 1801. The dates of these last creations sufficiently indicate to every Irishman the nature of the services by which they were purchased.

If England were to seek in Ireland a mate for her royal daughter who would honor quite as much as he would be honored, it is needless to say that he should have been the young Earl of Offaly, who one day will be the premier duke, marquis, and earl of Ireland.

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